THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PATH OF PEACE

NOT SINCE there was heard at Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago the voice that proclaimed peace on earth to men of good-will has there been a Christmastide when the craving for the assurance of peace has laid hold of the heart of humanity with such force and such persistence. And certainly not since the scourge of war was actually lashing the whole world only a few years ago has the shadow of its reappearance been so dark and thick as today. From all the danger places in Europe, South America, Asia, Africa, Russia, Japan, during the last few weeks there has come a steadily mounting series of news dispatches, or editorial reports, all of them omens of the great disaster which threatens all that is still left of our civilization. In the words of Lord Howard of Penrith, former British Ambassador to the United States, speaking recently to a meeting of the Catholic Council of International Relations in London: "It is useless, I fear, to disguise any longer the fact, in present circumstances, that the general condition of Europe today is, perhaps, even more unsettled than it was in 1913-1914, just before the outbreak of the Great War. The particular danger spot of the moment may shift from time to time, but there are, in addition to Far-Eastern conflicts, plenty of causes of trouble in Central Europe to cause grave uneasiness, without mentioning Balkan uncertainties and occasional volcanic disturbances in Latin America, while over all hangs the ever-menacing thundercloud of Soviet Russia, about which it seems impossible to get any definite or trustworthy information."

Lord Howard did not confine himself to reexpressing the fear, and the reasons for the fear, of war, which is now so universal. He put forward a plan for collective action among the nations to prevent war, which plan should be of particular interest to all peace societies, which should urge its discussion upon all their members, and do all that they can to bring it to the attention of the press, the public and statesmen everywhere.

Lord Howard first of all declares it to be the duty of all those who wish to avoid "the universal break-up of civilization and moral life," which war would bring, to spare no effort and to lose no time in persuading their governments to help

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in planning an international convention to bring about a highly definite step, namely, that all the nations who have signed the Kellogg Pact, or who accept the Covenant of the League of Nations, should agree to a joint obligation to take collective action against an aggressor nation.

At this point, however, as Lord Howard shows, three highly important questions have to be faced, namely: (1) How is an aggressor nation, or better, a violator of the Covenant or the Kellogg Pact, to be defined? (2) What form of action should be taken against an aggressor, once defined? (3) What authority is to be empowered with the task of defining the violator and then applying the proper sanctions?

Lord Howard goes on to show the maze of difficulties which surround these apparently simple questions. He proposes, however, what seems to be a perfectly simple and practical rule which, as he says, would define an aggressor or a violator of the Kellogg Pact with very little chance of any miscarriage of justice. "This would be simply that any nation should be considered an aggressor or violator of the Pact which, on being summoned by the other signatories to agree to an immediate armistice pending investigation of the causes of the dispute and their submission to arbitration or to the Hague Court for final settlement, refused to sign such an armistice or, if signed, to abide by it. If both disputants refused, both would be considered to have violated the Kellogg Pact, and to have incurred the consequent sanctions."

As to the sanctions to be applied to a violator of the Pact, Lord Howard rules out military measures of any kind, because he firmly believes that both Great Britain and the United States would be resolutely opposed to them. There remain financial and economic sanctions, together with an agreement "that no advantage in territory or of any other nature, gained by the offender as a result of his recourse to force, will be recognized by the rest of the world."

The financial boycott would mean that an offending nation would not be able to get loans or credits, to have bills discounted or cheques changed, to make use of his financial deposits abroad for any purpose, for these would be sequestrated; in short, such a nation would be prevented from buying or selling to the rest of the civilized world until it agreed to the armistice pending a settlement by peaceful methods. "It does not require much imagination," Lord Howard comments, "to grasp how impossible it would be for any country to carry on war in such circumstances for more than a few months or even weeks, it being a fortunate dispensation by Providence that no country is, or can be, wholly independent of the outside world."

As to the remaining question, namely, what authority shall be empowered to present an ultimatum to prospective belligerents, Lord Howard backs up a suggestion already made by Mr. Stimson, the former Secretary of State, that on the danger of hostility presenting itself representatives of all the powers adhering to the Kellogg Pact should at once meet for consultation, and declare that neutrality toward any violator of the Pact on the part of all the other signatories must instantly cease. "The violator would, in fact, have committed an act of war not only against the power attacked, but also against all the Pact powers."

This would shift responsibility from the League of Nations to the Kellogg Pact signatories. Inasmuch as action on the part of the League is necessarily slow and cumbrous, requiring long-winded discussion and voting, and even unanimity, whenever a serious question dealing with war and peace has to be decided, it seems most sensible to place this gravest of all questions affecting the nations in the hands of the signatories of the Pact, which includes nations not adhering to the League. We find ourselves in complete agreement with Lord Howard's view of the need for some such swift and effective means for heading off another war. As he says, "there would seem to be no alternative but the general acceptance of some scheme of this kind for the prevention of war, and a continuance of the present system of alliances and counter-alliances, of universal unrest and frantic national ambitions, which must ultimately lead to a war so utterly destructive and devastating that it is impossible to foresee what its consequences will be, except that they must be appalling to the last degree."

WEEK BY WEEK

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE at Montevideo seems to be chugging along, making fair progress, with the likelihood of adjourning soon after this appears. Votes for women "at the earliest possible moment" was urged in the conference after the defeat in a subcommittee of a proposed treaty to be signed by the delegates guaranteeing equal civil, political and national rights for women. The vote on the latter of these two propositions was by a surprisingly close margin of three to two, Chile and Peru leading the opposition to it. The issue may seem antiquated on our continent, but below the isthmus it is decidedly a lively one. Considering the force exerted by women's votes for conservatism and stability in Spain during the recent critical months, we may well believe that the growing tide of feminism in South America may be of more than academic importance. Brazil, which heretofore has been far from representing an advanced viewpoint on the subject compared to its neighboring

The Ladies and Trade

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republics, apparently has become more liberal and may change the tide rapidly as regards official action by individual states. Besides stemming the opposition of Chile and Peru, the Brazilian delegation urged that the seventh Pan-American Conference give a vote "of warm applause and warm gratitude to the Inter-American Commission of Women" whose studies and recommendations concerning the position of women are recognized as having been notably effective and unselfish. There is a considerable hiatus between the courtesies toward the ladies expressed in all this at the conference and official action by the separate governments of South America, but considering the progress made since the entering wedge for women's rights at the fifth Pan-American Conference, a decided trend is indicated. Strangely enough this modernism, to which many consider the Church opposed, may have in God's Providence with *autre temps, autre meurs,* the most beneficial results for the Church; because in a world torn by contentious politics and overreaching commercial rivalry, women have remained great preservers not only of the sanctities and decent joys of the home but also of the vision and strength of the Faith.

OUR SECRETARY OF STATE voiced again his hopes for the rebuilding of foreign trade by lowering tariff walls. This is a whopper of a generality but to believe that the acceptance of general principles is not important is to be, as woodsmen say, "bushed"—too completely surrounded by thickets of detail to be able to make any progress. Mr. Hull is quite realistic about proceeding step by step and proposes "that the governments of the American republics will promptly undertake to promote trade among their respective peoples and other nations and to reduce high trade barriers through the negotiation of comprehensive bilateral reciprocity treaties based on mutual concessions." The adoption of such a resolution is about all the conference reasonably can do; following such an agreement on principle, the career men in our State Department, and their comrades of the other countries of America, with their practical knowledge of procedure, their experience with the intangible but highly important human equations of procedure in various countries, their access to the continuously and carefully compiled diplomatic and consular reports and their established contacts, are the ones to go to work and make the treaties on a basis of facts, fair play and mutual benefits. Mr. Hull further recommended an international body that should see to it that cunning diplomacy by some single nation did not defeat these agreements by obtaining most-favored-nation treatment through any generalized multilateral treaties without in fact according reciprocally the benefits of which it partook. After wandering for some years in stupefying fogs of generalities from endless conferences and fact-finding commissions, the prospects look considerably better that some worth-while facts are about to be made. Mr. Hull concluded his proposal by again referring to the hope of the reconvening of the World Monetary and Economic Conference and the establishing there of general principles for the conduct of trade beyond this hemisphere.

LAST week we ventured a sentence or two of hopeful forecast, based upon the return of the individual, with repeal, to normal liberty and hence to normal self-control. And this remains, of course, the most important aspect of the whole question of temperance. But in the interim, certain material factors that at least add to the promise of satisfactory developments, have emerged within the city, and it is no more than reasonable optimism to expect them to be repeated, with variations, up and down the country. The wide licensing for the sale of beer which followed state repeal a few months ago was duplicated by the extent of the licensing for the sale of the large variety of alcoholic beverages which are now legal. This does not merely mean the loudly (and of course rightly) acclaimed fact that hotels are in the running once more. It means the socially much more important fact that moderate-priced restaurants and tea rooms generally are serving wines, liqueurs and the rest of it. This is really a change from anything seen in the United States before, and we feel it represents an enormous advance. For it imposes upon drinking the strongest and solidest social criticism in existence. These restaurants and tea rooms are the bulwark of businesslike respectability, of that spirit in the matter of eating out which is the reverse of festive or convivial or illicit. To them, hustling professional people come for a quick, abstracted bite. To them, typists and schoolgirls and harried shoppers from the suburbs betake themselves for modest and uninspired reflection. To them, householders bring their children before the theatre or after the dentist. In point of social atmosphere, they are as safe as churches; they are so safe that there is something faintly indecorous in even mentioning their safety. Whatever goes on in them is under the protection and patronage of the great middle class that has no poses and stands no nonsense, that constitutes the permanent arbiter of morals and guardian of living propriety. If stimulants are drunk there, the habit or tradition of excess becomes simply unthinkable; and it is very likely indeed that the code of moderation which will arise thence will make itself widely felt as a force wherever else alcohol is found. It is a happy omen for the development of that "civilized drinking" that many have despaired of in our country.

Good Augury

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American Art

THERE is a show at the Museum of Modern Art in New York which has been assembled from sixteen principal cities of the United States and may make some claim to being an exhibition of the work of the principal artists of these widely scattered centers. With some minor exceptions it is pretty sad; it is, in fact, tragic. If this is art representative of the American scene and the American spirit, in all reverence, God help us. As a social phenomenon, rather than a strictly artistic one, the exhibition interested us. There is some workmanlike painting, but little virtuosity and much that reminded us of a classic comment by Child Hassam one time when a nameless artist showed him a fuzzy and harsh-looking canvas full of paint. Hassam scowled and began grumbling. "Humph," he said, "why I've got an old aunt up in Maine that can knit a better picture than that." So much for the bulk of poor expressionism that expresses only incompetence. As a social phenomenon we were impressed by the prevailing mood of these painters of expressing dislikes rather than likes. That the American scene on the whole is harsh, lacking in nuances and charm, might excuse a certain amount of critical art. The point is, when is the American artist going to appreciate a sense of responsibility to alleviate this condition and not simply make an ill-natured addition to it? This is an important point. The cult of ugliness is a pathway to despair and futility. A current vulgarism that beauty is synonymous with prettiness is a threat to the general amenities of life in this country, except for those few individuals who can escape back into the natural beauties where men have not yet gone. Surely the field is wide open for contemporary American artists who shall identify and create beauty in our lifetimes.

Good-will for Washington

THE PURCHASE of automobiles seems to be a great common divisor of prosperity in this country and we can therefore find cause for general rejoicing that the total of sales to consumers in the United States of passenger and commercial cars of the General Motors Corporation was in the past month nearly three times what it was a year ago. For the first eleven months of this year, sales were 743,827 cars, against 490,068 for the same period last year. This is substantial evidence of increased purchasing power and increased confidence. Chain stores showed a 17 percent increase for November as compared with last year. The Federal Reserve reported net profits for 205 corporations of $162,000,000 for the third quarter of this year, as against a net loss of $25,000,000 for these corporations in the same period last year. And in spite of ominous croakings by various money changers that President Roosevelt's financial operations were ruining the country, the government's offer of $950,000,000 of treasury certificates was oversubscribed three times in one day. At the least, in view of these events, such extremists as ex-Senator Fess who declared, "The country's going to hell," are definitely out of step.

THE WORD is reported to have gone around in Wall Street to stop criticizing the President, somewhat because of a grudging admission that he has helped since that dark nadir last March when the banks started toppling and somewhat because of a fear that the Progressive-Republicans who met recently in Chicago and planned a $4,000,000,000 increase in federal expenditures, might interpret the mumblings of malcontents as a weakening of the clear mandate of the people so recently reposed in him. The American Farm Bureau Federation has expressed its firm support of Roosevelt. The President of the American Bankers Association, speaking before the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Banking, has declared his conviction that the nation was now well on the road out of the depression and that every citizen should be proud of the courage and leadership which the president has shown. The campaign promise of repeal has been fulfilled with amazing promptness and foreign countries which had been manipulating their currencies long before the United States, have been clearly informed that the United States is perfectly willing to cooperate with them in a joint effort at stabilization, and any attempt to saddle responsibility solely on the United States for the unsettlement of monetary standards is out of order.

For the Defense

HUMAN nature, we venture, is not always understood by those who offer comments on it. The guiding truth seems to be that it stretches out in both directions—up and down—not only as far as the eye can reach, but also much farther. Anyone who, having observed some lofty mass action, expects men always to be knights and heroes, will be bitterly corrected; but, what is much more significant, anyone who, on the basis of some appalling demonstration of cravenness and cruelty, expects them to be worse than beasts, is in for a glorious surprise. Some counterblast was sorely needed lately to the lynchings which have left a wound of guilt and shame upon our common consciousness, and it is now forthcoming. A group of caisson workers under the Missouri River in Kansas City have shown, for the millionth time in human history, what splendor of bravery resides in common men. Trapped a hundred feet under the water in a diving chamber filling with smoke from a fire in one of the tubes, they lay on their faces in the mud and

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sang together as they waited to die. No one talked of death; no one made the conscious gesture of bravado, by suggesting song. It rose spontaneously from the lips encrusted in icy slime, which thought soon to be still forever. Rescue came as a miracle ten minutes before it would have been too late. Not only spiritual and philanthropic leaders disciplined in unselfishness, and men who have learnt formal codes of gallantry in gentlemanly places, like those who led the singing on the Titanic, are manly and without fear, we learn once more. The simple and unprivileged, the laborer and the sandhog, are also manly and without fear. The Church and democracy are always justified; it is on this basis alone, let us all remember, that we can build.

Less Noise

THE INTERBOROUGH SUBWAY of New York has equipped some of its cars with noise-control devices, and will use them for trial runs over several weeks, to test their efficacy and also the public's reaction to them. As to the first item, time alone can tell; the company's engineers believe the experimental cars are as much as 90 percent quieter, and it is to be sincerely hoped that they are right. But as to the public's reaction, it surely does not require carefully tabulated experiments to predict that. To any sufferer from the concentrated cacophony of the subway, unless his responses have been defensively lowered to that worse than brutish insensibility suggested by some subway faces, the news will evoke the irresistible cry, "Why didn't they do it long ago?" Musing on the topic, thought branches off into two different fields. There is the whole matter of noise in cities, which is only beginning to receive the grave attention it deserves from a health point of view. Growing evidence seems to show that many of the neuroses and breakdowns afflicting city dwellers are related to the bath of raucos sound in which they are immersed, not only throughout their waking life, but throughout a large part of their sleeping life as well. The other consideration suggested has to do with the proper use and control of machinery. It seems evident that the Interborough's new venture, for instance, will prove fairly costly to perfect and install, and the question arises whether that, in general, not referring to the Interborough's particular case, is a bad thing. One difficulty about mechinery has been that it makes money too quickly, for too few people. But if machinery could not be run "on the cheap," if it could really be civilized, if safety and noiselessness were absolutely mandatory in all the machinery used by or impinging on man, from trolley cars and printing presses to riveters and reapers, the charge on the profits for continual research would conduce most powerfully to distribute those profits much more widely.

MONSIGNOR JOHN A. RYAN

ALL THE omens were propitious, all the symbols were gracious, when Father John A. Ryan was made a prelate of the Pope with the title of "Monsignor." The event took place in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, on the campus of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8. The Chancellor of the University, the Most Reverend Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, bestowed the purple robe. Dr. Ryan's own diocesan authority, Archbishop Murray, of St. Paul, preached the sermon at the ceremony of investiture. In the Willard Hotel, that evening, there was a banquet in honor of the new prelate. The Secretary of Labor of the United States government, Miss Frances Perkins, and Edward Keating, editor of *Labor,* took part with Monsignor Ryan's colleagues of the Catholic University, Dr. Patrick J. Healy, and Dr. William J. Kirby, and with Reverend Francis J. Haas, director of the National Catholic School of Social Service and member of the National Labor Board, in paying tribute to the priest who has been for more than twenty-five years the outstanding leader of Catholic social reform in the United States.

It was at the request of Archbishop Murray, and in recognition of many years of successful work at the Catholic University, where Dr. Ryan is professor of moral theology, and Dean of the School of Sacred Sciences, that Pope Pius XI has honored him. Yet everybody knows that the work done at large, in the whole country, as author, lecturer and controversalist, by Dr. Ryan is included in the papal recognition, the papal approval, the papal honor. There was a time when poorly instructed Catholics were wont to talk about Dr. Ryan's "radicalism," and his "Socialism," and to hint darkly of a day to come when authority would silence him. On the contrary, it is all such voices of carping criticism that are now silenced forever. The Pope himself has rewarded Dr. Ryan's "exceptional merits," and has given "a public signal testimony of Our good-will toward you." What Dr. Ryan himself had to say on this aspect of his great career was of exceptional interest and value. It ran, in part, as follows:

"Of course, I am delighted and proud that the ceremony of investiture and the dinner this evening have taken place under the auspices of the Catholic University of America. To it I owe more than to any other institution except Mother Church. . . . During the more than eighteen years that have elapsed since I began my work of teaching at the university I have had appreciative students and congenial associates. Most precious of all the advantages that I have enjoyed as a member of the university teaching staff was ample free-

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dom of expression both within and without the academic walls. I am well aware that this freedom was not always financially profitable to the university. There was the case of the very rich Catholic who declared that he would not give the university a cent 'while that dashed Socialist, Dr. John Ryan, is kept in the institution.' There was the case of the agent of a great corporation who in the early part of the 'delirious twenties' offered the then Rector, Bishop Shahan, a very substantial check together with the delicate suggestion that I should be, in effect, muzzled. Whether the check was ever handed over, I do not know. What I can testify to is that no steps were taken to curtail my freedom. There were other instances of the same sort, but I do not feel disposed to recount them. Moreover, I have never felt any ill-will toward the persons who made these unsuccessful attempts. They were the victims of their environment, of those days of industrial paganism which are now happily in eclipse. Let us hope that the eclipse will be not only total but permanent. In any event, I have abundant reason to be more than satisfied with my experiences, both as student and teacher, in the Catholic University of America.

"The letter in which His Excellency, the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, the Representative of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, gave me official notification of the event which we are gathered to celebrate contains these sentences: 'Please accept my cordial congratulations and best wishes. The honor conferred on you by His Holiness, is a well-deserved recognition of your services to the Catholic University and in the fields of economic and social action. May God bless and preserve you *ad multos annos.*'

"This is the note that was struck in the majority of the letters of congratulation which I received from bishops and priests. Many of them said that the honor was equivalent not merely to recognition but to approval and even vindication. Some of them made more or less veiled allusion to days gone by when some of my co-religionists, more Catholic than the Pope, seem to have regarded my social teaching as not quite orthodox. . . .

"In 1908 I spoke facetiously to the late Father Gigot about the danger that then confronted Scripture scholars on account of the condemnation of Modernism. He replied: 'It is easy for you to joke about that matter, but your turn is coming; one of these days you will be censured for your economic doctrines.' Some three years later I repeated Father Gigot's forecast to a distinguished Irish Franciscan in Rome, Father Peter Fleming. His reply was: 'So long as your teaching avoids the stigma or implication of Socialism you have nothing to fear. There is much more freedom of teaching in the Catholic Church than most persons outside the Church, and many persons within it, assume.' . . .

"Many times men, both within and without the Church, have expressed admiration at what they were pleased to term my courage in enunciating and defending my opinions on industrial questions. At the risk of losing that particular halo, I will confess that whatever courage I may seem to have displayed was quite unconscious or at least inadvertent. What was there to fear? Ecclesiastical censure? But I knew that I was not departing from the teaching of the Church. Suspicions of my orthodoxy by prominent persons within the Church? Denunciation by industrialists and newspapers? The knowledge that my name was sometimes spoken without affection in the highest social circles? No normal person could be indifferent to this sort of disapproval. I do not pretend that I enjoyed it, but to withstand it did not require courage. All that was necessary was a right sense of comparative values. To have been deterred by such opposition from teaching the sound doctrine would have been to turn my back upon my plain duty, to apostatize from the truth. . . .

"Not only does moral theology enable one to deal intelligently and scientifically with the most important aspects of economic life, but it shows the priest the obligation of concerning himself with economic problems. The priest who discusses such questions as wages, strikes, profiteering, from the pulpit, is sometimes criticized because he does not confine himself to 'preaching the Gospel.' But moral theology assures him that this is preaching the Gospel. Both Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI have declared it to be their right and duty to concern themselves with social and economic matters from the viewpoint of morals. And they have commanded bishops and priests to do likewise. Accordingly, the bishops of the United States established the Department of Social Action in the National Catholic Welfare Conference. During the thirteen years of its existence it has done more to make Catholic social teaching known and loved in the United States than all the efforts of individuals in preceding years since the days of Archbishop Carroll. . . .

"Perhaps I owe you an apology for converting what began as a collection of light and airy observations into a sort of *Apologia pro vita mea.* Nevertheless, I could not pass by a golden opportunity to illustrate the Church's social doctrine in operation. I wanted to give you a practical idea of the comforting, the glorious fact, that Catholic social teaching is sufficiently scientific, sufficiently fundamental, sufficiently radical, if you will, sufficiently adaptable, to meet all the needs of modern industrial society. I wanted also to demonstrate that the government of the Church assures sufficient intellectual freedom, sufficient freedom of speech and of writing, to enable any competent person to translate the general principles of our social teaching into concrete terms and applications."

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CHRISTMAS AND THE LAND

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE are of course a hundred ways, both symbolical and practical, in which the peculiar humanity of country life is connected with the very Divinity of Christmas Day. We have all read about a thousand times, and are beginning to get a little tired of reading, the sort of newspaper article which identifies the Christmas happiness and heartiness with some horrible thing that is called optimism, and actually seems to suggest that it is a form of optimism to prove that the people must go on living forever in the modern towns. We are familiar with the argument that comforts that were rare among our forefathers are now multiplied in factories and handed out wholesale to villas and flats; and indeed that nobody nowadays, so long as he is content to go without air, space, quiet, decency and good manners, need be without anything whatever that he wants; or at least a reasonably cheap imitation of it. It is a simple argument; and has doubtless been used by many dying civilizations before.

I can imagine the slaves and buffoons who played the part of journalists or publicity men to Nero or Heliogabalus making that very point in answer to the great grumblers of that age, the last of the philosophers or the first of the saints. I can imagine the slaves explaining with elegant rhetoric that the amphitheatre now provided luxuries of sightseeing which had been quite unknown to the rude Roman farmers who had conquered Carthage and Macedonia; pointing out that giraffes and elephants which the early Romans never saw in their lives were now paraded at the Colosseum every night to the delight of the spectators; whereas rude old Romans like Regulus and Cincinnatus had never seen any animals larger than a cow or a donkey. For those who are contented with that sort of comparison there is no particular answer to that sort of argument. We can only reply that we judge happiness by more fundamental considerations; and that, on the whole, it is better to be an ox and an ass looking at Jesus Christ than an elephant and a giraffe looking at Nero.

But there are also more practical and less purely symbolical ways, in which the institution of Christmas specially raises what may be called the case for the country. For one thing, the place where winter is really beautiful is the country, for which reason most people only go to it in the summer. Now golden sunshine can gild even our leaden towns like Liverpool or London; and can often turn the most commonplace streets and squares into courts of gold. But there is something comparatively negative about winter in modern cities; the particular effect of air and depth and the delicate ramification of branches has not space to spread itself; while even the pains and hindrances of winter in the country have something positive about them which haunts the memory like an old comic tale. Above all, there springs out of these inconveniences the particular quality which is the essence of Christmas enjoyment in all ages: what may be called the defiance of winter, which is the defiance of a defiance.

As in a more sacred sense, the Child came as a sort of challenge to winter, so in the ordinary human sense, winter comes as a sort of challenge to the Child. At least in my own memories of my own childhood, the winter games are much more vivid than the summer ones. This was so whether they were what may be called the positive winter games, that needed the natural winter material, such as snowballing or sliding or making a snowman, or whether they were what should rather be called the negative winter games, which arise from winter forcing the child into the firelight and behind barred doors. All of them were vivid because of what may be called the Christian contrast, the paradox expressed in the glory and humility of the Christmas story. But above all, they were a supreme triumph upon the very point that the urban critic imagines to be a defeat. They were a challenge to childhood to amuse itself, instead of being despotically amused. It is a perfectly simple point; but none of the urban critics seems to have seen it yet. We are all in favor of the children having fun, but the point is that in some conditions the fun comes from them and not only to them.

We all know that the amphitheatre has returned. We all know that the Roman farmers have left their farms and drifted into Rome to become a rabble living on bread and circuses: on doles and cinemas. We can all see in a hundred faces, especially the faces of the fashionable, that despair that is in the last literature of paganism. But the simplest way of stating it is to say that such people generally look at each other wearily and say: "Where shall we go?" Then they will weakly decide to which circus they will go; and whether they will see the elephant or the giraffe or some other beast such as Nero. But the children at a Christmas party in the country do not say, "Where shall we go?" They say, like the heroes, like the soldiers, like the sculptors and craftsmen of every art, like the missionaries, like the men whose story has made the world, "What shall we do?"

And they do something; and something comes forth from them that has never been in the world before, though it be a joke or a charade or an impromptu prank of any sort; for they live near to the source of all creation; who are near the cavern where the Creator is Himself a Child.

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CULTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA

By JAMES A. MAGNER

With the general idea of the good neighbor replacing the imperialistic attitude of the administration in Washington toward Latin-American republics, the citizens of the United States can profitably look forward to friendlier relations and reciprocally better understanding with the citizens of the other half of this hemisphere. The thousands of Catholics from the United States who will visit Argentina for the Eucharistic Congress next year, and other South American countries on the way, should help.—The Editors.

IN SOUTH AMERICA is a strong case for the theory that men are shaped by their environment. Youth is generally marked by excessive energies, impatience under restraint, and temperamental outbursts due to love of new life. Geologists tell us that the mountains and towering plateaus along the western coast of South America, from Colombia to the southern tip of the Tierra del Fuego, are very young. Certainly the peoples who drink in life from these tawny slopes and fertile *quebrachos* have imbibed a good deal of their cosmic restlessness. The same geologic factors cannot be assigned as a direct influence on the cultural tendencies of Argentina. Nevertheless, the vigor of bounding life is there, as also in Brazil, in the fusion of influences from mountain, sweeping plain, and jungle, upon the children of various races and nations who have there made their home.

There was a time when the racial and cultural blendings of the southern continent were comparatively elemental. The Spanish crusader brought the zeal of flag and cross to reorganize the communistic and tribal forms and cults which he found. He soon became an integral part of his own creation, either by an economic anchorage or by intermarriage. The peasants of Chile and Argentina today are the offspring of Indian mothers and the Spanish soldiery. Their pride is that of a new race satisfied and confident in the evolution of its own destiny. These primary racial strains have been further complicated by immigration. The Negro forms an ethnic crescent along the northern coasts, from Peru to Colombia, deepening in Brazil. Strong Japanese elements are in process of assimilation in Brazil. In the southern half of the continent, European stock of various branches becomes more evident. Scot, Irish, Italian, Jugoslav and German are there, in Chile, through Argentina, to southern Brazil.

The South American is no longer content to call himself a Spanish or a Portuguese American. He hesitates even at the term Ibero-American. Remembering his background of Indian stock, and aware of his increasing Nordic and Celtic strains, he is inclined to deny the assumption that he is a Latin American. If it were not that he resents what he considers the easy arrogance of citizens of the United States in assuming to themselves the appellation Americans, he would be content to drop the name of South American and call himself simply an Argentinian, a Chilean, etc. A pleasing diplomacy on the part of Ambassador Morrow in Mexico was to remove from his house the sign, "The American Embassy," and to replace it with one reading, "The Embassy of the United States of America."

With national character established and ethnic elements enlarged, the various countries of South America have become susceptible to world influences and have embraced cultural movements as universal in character as those of any continent. French, German, English and North American thought has largely supplanted the ancient cultural dependence on Spain; and even Asiatic philosophies and cults have been welcomed. Higher education has definitely passed from the monopoly of the Church. The "Manifiesto" issued in 1918 by the students of the ancient University of Cordoba in Argentina is significant of the break from tradition and of the movement toward a twentieth-century eclecticism.

In the formation of this new intellectual outlook the varied influences of such men as Marx, Freud, the French Encyclopedists, Renan, and Hegel have played a leading part. Strangely, in South America as in Spain, many of the outstanding opponents of the Catholic Church have received their early training in Catholic schools. Montalvo, Mariátegui, De la Torre, Terán, Lorente, Palma, Rojas, Ordoñez, Monzó, Gorriti and Dario have all broken away from Catholic influences, their opposition ranging from frivolous cynicism to the most bitter denunciation. The Jesuits, in particular, have been the victims of many of their former pupils.

Coincident with anti-clerical feeling among many lay leaders, was the introduction and growth of Protestantism which has contributed important cultural elements. The activities of some of the early Protestant missionaries were in many respects remarkable. They were successful in making contacts with political leaders of the period, and to a certain extent were responsible for introducing to South America an admiration for North American and English methods of education and concepts of culture. James Thomson received special appreciation from the Argentine authorities for his introduction of the Lancastrian system; he was made an honorary citizen of Chile; he was

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called to Peru by invitation of General San Martin; and established Bible societies in Colombia. Dr. Goodfellow, another missionary, was invited by Sarmiento, the Argentine President, to arrange for the establishment of normal schools in Argentina by North American teachers.

It is not always easy to discern what may be the aim of Protestant missionaries in this field. They have been scathing in their reports of corruption and degradation in the Catholic Church and particularly indignant over the fact that they did not find the Bible read in the homes of the people. The Protestant movement, from the beginning, has gone on the assumption that the wholesale distribution of Bibles is the outstanding spiritual need of South America.

There has been a gradual softening of this polemic spirit. In a statement, "The Reason for Protestantism in Mexico," issued in 1929, Gonzalo Báez Camargo, General Secretary of Religious Education for the Evangelical Churches of Mexico, said:

> At the present time we do not look so favorably on these [destructive and aggressive] methods of dealing with Catholicism as formerly . . . The part fundamental and vital of Protestantism in Mexico is no other than to put a people, who believe themselves to be Christian, in contact with a living Christ whom they have never known.

The general idiom and approach of Protestantism toward the religious and cultural problems of South America have followed along the assumptions that the Catholic Church, by piling dogma upon dogma and by spinning a web of elaborate ritual, has conspired to keep the people from the real Christ, that it has given an unethical view of religion by cutting away from a practical connection with the moral code; that it has stifled religious aspiration by its catechetical method of teaching and its sensuous ceremonial; and that it has turned the people over to an idoltary of images.

In addition to these points of combat, Protestant leaders assert that the Catholic Church, with rare exceptions, has failed, not merely to arouse a higher intellectual and cultural activity among the educated and aristocratic classes of South America, but even to promote the cause of social justice and civic progress among the lower classes. They voice also an undercurrent of suggestion with regard to an alarming prevalence of concubinage, inebriety and avarice among the Catholic clergy themselves. The conclusion is that since the Catholic Church has held the field for four hundred years and largely failed to bring about the necessary reforms in life, there is no reason why Protestantism should not be given a chance.

From this analysis of the Protestant view of the situation, it is possible to see why its leaders have not been cordially and sympathetically received by Catholic leaders. The former have, in fact, begun to see certain disadvantages in the bellicose method of evangelism especially when weakened by the spectacle of strife between their own denominations. A new front of social welfare has now been given to the movement, and an attempt has been made to show Catholicism and Protestantism as working hand in hand.

Protestant welfare projects have followed along three general lines. Medical and relief work has been carried on among the lower classes, as, for example, the Indians around the Lake Titicaca region of Peru and Bolivia. In this work must be included the organization of mission farms, hospitals and orphanages. Schools of higher education have been established, including the Anglo-Peruvian College at Lima in Peru, founded by the Free Church of Scotland, and high schools and colleges founded in Brazil by the Southern Baptists of the United States. Athletic and recreational facilities have been offered through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A.

It is probably through the latter associations that the most widespread appeal has been made, for while they are listed as non-sectarian in membership and purpose, their leaders are for the most part thoroughly fired with an Evangelical vision and program. Established first in Brazil in 1900, the Y. M. C. A. now has eleven associations in five of the South American countries. The continental center is at Montevideo. A simple declaration of faith in Christ is all that is required for membership. While physical education and social activities are offered as the major attraction, groups are formed for the study of the Bible, and welfare work is carried on among the classes who do not profess a practical allegiance to any church. It is natural, of course, that the association should prove a haven to people who are hostile to ecclesiasticism. It has acted as a publishing agency for writers of so plainly revolutionary and Hegelian a type as Navarre Monzó. According to the latter:

> Christian thought has been hampered in the past by the ideas of eternity and of an eternal God employed as positive concepts. . . . God Himself is the product of cosmic energy.

A number of revolutionary writers in South America have found similar patronage in allied branches of Protestant work. Thus in Peru Haya de la Torre, who feels no more sympathy for sectarianism than does Monzó or the majority of South American intellectuals, became associated with the Anglo-Peruvian college and with the principal figures in the Y. M. C. A. movement.

While Protestantism has served to a large extent as an importer to South America of Anglo-Saxon and North American methods of social and educational work, it does not merit the accusation of being an agent for North American

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economic imperialism. On the contrary, it has endeavored to identify itself with indigenous and national elements of the countries which it has evangelized. As a result of the Protestant Congress in Panama in 1916, there has been organized the "Committee on Cooperation in Latin America," with offices in New York. Its monthly review *La Nueva Democracia,* edited by an ex-priest, Dr. Juan Orts González, emphasizes the indigenous character of Protestantism. Some of its leaders are also associated with the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, which conducts seminars in Mexico and the Caribbean and makes contacts with the leaders in these countries.

From these tendencies, there sometimes arises the implication that the Catholic Church is extra-national because its head, the Pope, is himself an extra-national, and that the Church in South America will best fulfil its destiny by breaking the bonds of this foreign authority and by becoming a purely national institution. This suggestion ignores the fact that one of the principal drawbacks to Catholic Action during the colonial days was the royal privilege of the appointment of bishops and of intervention in the policies of the Church. To a certain extent this tradition still persists. From the Argentine Constitution of 1926, the Bolivian of 1931, the Paraguayan of 1870, and the Venezuelan of 1931, these nations claim the right of ecclesiastical patronage. In all the countries of South America, there are movements from time to time for the nationalization of the Church, particularly on the part of Masonic statesmen. These movements, however, have always been stoutly resisted by both clergy and laity.

The part played by Masonry during the wars for independence, the fact that Masonry entered the ranks of the clergy, in Brazil as late as 1870, and the comparative absence of Catholic lay action until recently, help to explain the strength of Freemasonry throughout South America and that peculiar duality of many South American leaders who profess a nominal Catholicism while remaining members of the Lodge. Observers of South America are dismayed by the extremely poor church attendance of men in comparison with that of women and children. This situation can be met only by vigorous modern leadership within the Church and the organization of social and cultural projects which will stimulate the men of the laity to a greater interest in the work of religion.

Within recent years there has been in this regard, a notable advance, for which a number of disparate influences are responsible. The social activities and methods of Protestant groups, for one thing, have undoubtedly stimulated Catholics to a keener appreciation of the social element of the Gospel and to a larger activity among the young. Realization of the anti-Christian threats contained in various socialistic and communistic programs has also aroused Catholic circles to a greater consciousness of the need for social and economic reforms. Above all, the encyclicals of Pope Pius XI on Catholic Action have given a tremendous impetus to the formation of Catholic conferences and social agencies, while his encyclicals on marriage and on industrial justice have materially strengthened popular confidence in the ability of the Church to meet questions of the day.

Among the important cultural agencies begotten of this trend is the Cardinal Ferrari movement, together with the formation of the Company of St. Paul for work among the youth. The Salesian Fathers also carry on an intensive educational program for boys. National centers of Catholic Action have been established, the most notable of which is at Buenos Aires. Publication of the papal encyclicals and of other Catholic literature and lectures on Catholic topics are among its important activities. Under the inspiration of the movement, a number of vigorous Catholic publications have sprung into existence, including such magazines as the *Criterio* of Buenos Aires and the *Revista de Extension Cultural* of Santiago de Chile. Santiago boasts also, in addition to its important Catholic University, a School of Social Service, known as the Elvira Matte de Cruchaga.

One of the most regrettable elements to be contended with in the cultural relationships between North and South America is the apathy and even the suspicion that sometimes appears to exist between Catholics of the two continents. For the most part, Catholics of North America derive their impressions of contemporary Latin America from Protestant sources, and abandon the organization of cultural missions to groups whose purpose, however lofty, cannot be the strengthening and renewing of Catholic influences. South American Catholics, on the other hand, have been largely content to regard North America as bent principally upon a mission of Protestant evangelization and of economic invasion in their respective countries. As a result there are lacking between Catholic groups those avenues of exchange of thought and vision which have brought about some of the best achievements of Protestantism.

Worthy of praise in this regard however, is the able work of the Latin-American Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference at Washington. Its bulletins and connections with Catholic leaders in South America have contributed more to the encouragement of good understanding than is generally appreciated. Father Edwin Ryan's recent book, "The Church in the South American Republic," will do much to introduce North American Catholics to a sympathetic study of Catholic influences in these countries. It is with the deepest interest that Catholics of both continents look forward to the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Buenos Aires in October, 1934.

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CHRISTMAS VIGNETTES OF CANADA

By RAYMOND CADWALLADER

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes,
Venite, venite. . . .

HEAVY snows had smoothed out the wrinkles from the face of the countryside. Over the vast expanse of the long white routes, somber clusters of fir trees acted as guides to happy families on their way to the midnight Mass. Everyone would be there, no matter how long the journey. The Church was always first in the minds of these people of deep, simple faith. Such happy feasts as Christmas made tangible the social fraternity of men; a connecting link between families, kindred by large groups, it is true, but independent of one another and scattered all along the highway.

It was a beautiful sight to look down from where we lived; for our home was squatted on a hillside that rose abruptly like the hump on a camel's back. From there we could look far across the country. What a thrill to see the long procession of sleighs coming from all directions! Quick moving shadows; echoes of jingling bells and voices; Noël.

Ca, bergers, assemblons-nous,
Allons voir le Messie,
Cherchons cet Enfant si doux
Dans les bras de Marie.

The two smallest children had long been asleep. They would be safe until we all returned from Mass. Pierre and little Côme could hardly await the hour for setting out; they were to attend Christmas services for the first time. All bundled up they stood at the door, and as papa drove up with the *carriole,* there was a mad rush from the house to be lifted up and tucked away in the furs and blankets.

Ready and off we went! Silently and swiftly we sped over the snugly packed snow. It seemed no time before we reached the village, where group after group preceded and followed us like a long cortège, happy *canadiens* singing all the tender carols of older Christmas days.

There was a stir in the blankets as we came in sight of the church. Léo-Paul and I jumped from the sleigh almost before we received the permissive gesture. While papa helped the smaller children from the sleigh, I covered La Grise with the best and warmest robes. Good old horse she was.

The youngsters lined up on the perron of the church; droll little fellows, bundled and cramped, stiff as manikins in their heavy clothes. Pulses beat high and eyes sparkled as they watched me take care of the horse. "Too bad," they whispered, "poor La Grise won't see anything." Perhaps she would hear the song of the angels or see the coming of the shepherds. Who knows?

Un Sauveur Enfant
Nous est né,
C'est dans une étable
Qu'il nous est donné.

Once inside the vestibule of the church, we were relieved of our *tuques* by a rough paternal hand. The hair followed the movement of the *tuques* and now stood straight up, all mussed and tangled. Despite our eagerness, we never took our eyes off the head of the family, ready to obey the first sign to enter the church. Our childish simplicity and reverence for authority hardly allowed us to pass our heavy mittens across the end of our nose, or to our eyes where the cold night had placed some tears. Papa pulled open the heavy door, and with timid excitement we moved up the aisle until a tug on the arm directed us into the family pew.

The harmonium throbbed with familiar Christmas hymns which seemed to hold the congregation in a spirit of quiet, happy expectancy. But the children did not hear; they were absorbed in the grotto of firs where little Jesus was to be "born."

At the entry of Monsieur le Curé, the youngsters stood tiptoe on the kneelers, and leaned over the top of the bench in front of them. What were the thousand lights on the altar compared with the Babe of the *crèche* carried by their pastor? Every effort was put into the playing of the organ, and the little throng of worshipers stood to sing, "Un Sauveur Enfant nous est né."

Little Jesus was carried to His crib; from there He held out His tiny hands to the faithful. I do not know of anything more touching than that happy moment. Tears fell from the eyes of rough-bearded backwoodsmen, and children wondered at the undefined smiles on the faces of their parents that contracted and broke into sobs of joy.

Noël, Noël,
Chantons Jésus Emmanuel.

The choir had worked for weeks to prepare the music. The untrained voices were not sweet, perhaps, but some portions of the singing that night were worthy of being retained in heaven as souvenirs of the Christmases on earth. During the second Mass all the old carols were sung once again.

There was a renewed motive for song on the part of the angels as the congregation approached the Holy Table. Gift of gifts! He that gives Himself gives all! Everyone received. So many

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communions meant that the curé had been in the confessional all afternoon, and again during the evening until the last straggling penitent responded to grace, a half hour before midnight. *Caritas omnia sustinet!*

Qu'autour de Toi, cette nuit soit plus pure,
Jésus enfant, que le vent soit plus doux.

Most of the children are very tired; the *tout-petits* are actually asleep. Mass is over. One last glance at the Crib, then we must go home. It is a rude hand that puts to flight the dreams of the children. Without a word they allow themselves to be buttoned, bonneted and bundled; bad humor loses itself in an intense desire for sleep. Poor little *marmots!* Not even the journey back home fully awakens them. They totter into the house and we older members of the family pull them out of their clothes to hurry them off to bed.

With the wee tots out of the way, we hasten to claim our privilege of assisting at the *fameux réveillon.* There are potted hams and veal "with golden yokes imbedded and enjellied," cakes, doughnuts, confitures, sweet wines, and a draught of whiskey for the men. Everything tastes so good. As the conversation continues into the morning hours, mother busies herself with one more task: filling up the stockings which had been hung in order over the hearth. There is no room here for Santa Claus or Father Christmas; it is *Petit-Jésus* Who gives us all these goodies and toys at Christmas, and on New Year's Day.

Beautiful the idea of incorporating into the religious education of the family the sentiment of the Divine presence. Children learn the name of Jesus among the first words of their vocabulary. All that is best comes from His hands. Can Santa Claus accord better with the truth?

Cric, crac, les enfants!
Parli, parlo, parlons.

Children do not forget the vivid impressions of the holiday season. It may not strike them as strange that the Babe at the church was as large as the ox or the donkey, and that the sheep were, oh, so very small; but there is a whole flood of other ideas and fancies that keep them busy throughout the octave. They never tire of asking questions, as their minds open to new perceptions of life.

Evening finds grandma's rocker besieged.

"Un conte, grand'maman, dis! The one about the man who was taken to the moon!"

After putting her glasses on her forehead and taking a slight pinch of snuff, she glances around with a sweet smile of goodness on her wrinkled lips. Her acceptance of the task is signified by the words with which all good stories begin, "Once upon a time. . . ."

There is a general stir as the children draw up their chairs or squat upon the floor with their elbows on their knees and the chin resting in both hands. Silence; we are all eyes and ears.

When Tom Caribou stops in to "warm" himself, a somewhat similar scene is repeated. "Cric, crac, les enfants! Parli, parlo, parlons . . ." is the way his exciting adventures start off. Up to a climax and back to earth again, the *récit* ends with the formula: "Et cric crac, cra! Sacatabi, sac-à-tabac! Mon histoire finit d'en par là." It requires no ruse to be happy *chez nous.*

Faisons retentir les airs
Du son de nos musettes;
Célébrons le Roi de l'univers,
Il est dans nos retraites.

New Year's day—*Jour de l'an*—crowns the festive week. *Petit-Jésus,* Who had not brought all the toys at Christmas because He was too busy being born, returns with a shower of gifts. Rich and abundant cargo! Only He could realize the childish dreams and pour out so many surprises.

But before the gifts are examined, another far more sacred ceremony takes place, *la bénédiction paternelle,* the New Year's blessing that a father bestows upon his children. Traditional and beautiful recognition of authority exercised with love. Papa is on his knees before *grand-père.* As the old man raises his hands, they tremble with age; more, perhaps, with emotion. The soul of two generations enters into the words:

"May God bless you as I bless you all."

Then comes our turn to perform the same act of humility. "C'est toi, l'aîné," whisper the other children, and I give them the example as I fall on my knees and ask the benediction of papa. It is over, we are now at ease; laughter, cries of delight come from us all as we examine our gifts.

The party grows, and before dinner the families of papa's brothers and sisters return to seek the paternal blessing, and to pass a day and a night beneath the paternal roof. Shouts, handshaking, and kisses leave no excuse for timidity or restraint. How often the old, old greeting is exchanged and meant: "Bonne et heureuse année, et le paradis à la fin de vos jours!" Paradise at the end of our days—and what happiness here!

A great crowd squeezes about the table for dinner; three generations attended by laughter and song. We sing after the *fricot,* sing after the *tourquière,* sing after the doughnuts and *confitures de mémère.* We shall sing and dance again that night when nearby friends come in.

Need we ask why they live so long, *ces vieux* whose hearts are young? Is it not explained in these recurring feasts of *Petit-Jésus,* the blessing of God accompanying the *bénédiction paternelle?*

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THE PRAYING CASTLE

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

SWINGING itself out among the buoys that marked the channel, the Vapeur Jacques Cartier threw a cloud of black smoke into a flawless sky. The buoys were regional, being pine trees stripped of their branches except at the very top where a plume of living green rose above the surface of the water. The branches were left because the green has high visibility and can more readily be seen by the captain from his bridge.

The boat was flat-bottomed, designed more for automobiles than for foot-travelers. There seemed to be no shelter, but I had been told that if the rain became too insistent, or if the wind threatened to blow you into the river, you could scuttle down into the hold. This day, however, the air was filled with the fresh smell of water mingled with the spiciness of pines when the wind blew from offshore. It was pure delight to be crossing the St. Lawrence on what to all intents and purposes was a raft. I turned my back on the twin steeples of Lachine and the distant prospect of Montreal and faced the open waters. It was exciting to think that when I landed I should step off onto territory that was neither French nor English nor Canadian but actually Indian soil.

I was going to the little village of Caughnawaga. The "Black Robes" who founded it in the seventeenth century called it the Mission St. François Xavier de Sault St. Louis, but the pagan Indians referred to it as "The Praying Castle" because there Indian converts learned "The Prayer."

From mid-channel I could see the *clocher,* or church steeple, and the roofs of the simple one-storied houses clustered around it. A boatman came up, giving elaborate *billets* in exchange for ten cents. A woman standing beside me at the rail murmured something to him in French. Obligingly he took a tin dipper tied to the railing and lowered it into the current. Then he drew it up and offered it to her with typical French gallantry. The dipper might have been filled with Sparkling Burgundy: only it happened to be filled with St. Lawrence. The woman drank it gratefully.

"It is tasty, the St. Lawrence, *n'est-ce pas?*" she said, smiling at me.

I said I imagined it was, although I had not tasted it yet.

"Is it quite safe to drink it right out of the river . . . without its being filtered?"

She laughed with delight. "Out here, yes. The current, it is *très fort.* On the shore the little animals, what you call them? The germs? They grow perhaps. Here . . . the current it is too fast for them. It goes maybe twelve, maybe twenty, miles an hour. The little germs, they cannot run so fast." She laughed again.

"It is a very beautiful river," I said, "especially down there where it is so wide." I pointed west where the banks rounded out into a great basin.

"Ah, but that is not river. That is lake, le Lac St. Louis."

"A lake in the middle of the channel?"

"Ah, so, so. It is the custom of the river. Every once in a while it puffs itself out . . . *voilà.*" She filled her rosy cheeks with air to show me the custom of the river. ". . . And then it is a lake. Here it is the Lac St. Louis. Further east it is the Lac St. Pierre. And just beyond here—a *kilomètre* or two—it is the rapids. You have heard of them, yes? The famous Lachine Rapids? This river, it does tricks."

"Scaramouche," I said.

"Ah, oui, oui, Scaramouche," she agreed.

"Do you come often to the Reservation?"

She shook her head. "Once a year, maybe. I have a friend, a Scotch woman. She is married with an Indian. She met him in the States . . . when he was working on your big bridge. What is the place? Ah, that is it, Brooklyn in the United States. They are good iron workers, the Indians. But now there is little work on bridges. These two live out in the Bush and they raise a few things to eat out of the ground. She is very happy, my friend. For myself, I do not understand. The Bush is so different from Edinburgh where she was born. But," she shrugged, *"chacun à son goût."*

With a great rattling of winches, the Jacques Cartier swung itself along the simple wooden quai. From a French-fried-potato stand close to the water's edge came the wail of a phonograph. The Indian who ran it was endeavoring to stir up trade. But the automobiles which the Jacques Cartier had carried over on its back were indifferent to French-fried potatoes. They went charging down a highway bearing a sign: "Malone, N. Y. 58 mi." I saw my friend of the boat climbing into an antique buckboard drawn by a spavined white horse and driven by a full-blooded Indian. The woman sitting beside him on the driver's seat was probably the Scotch woman, but with the blanket she wore over her head, one couldn't very well tell. The buckboard drove off; the automobiles had all disappeared. I seemed to be the only person who had come to Caughnawaga to stay. But where to stay?

Across the narrow road from the quai was a square stone building of perhaps three stories. Each story was surrounded on all four sides by balconies. The building was set back a little from

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the street and enclosed by a black wire fence. It looked as if it might be a hostelry of some sort. But when I drew closer I saw there was a nickel plate on the door bearing the legend: "Hôpital du Sacré Coeur." There was a statue of the Sacred Heart on the roof. And sitting on the upper balconies were some sick Indians wrapped in blankets.

So I continued my way up the single street which ran parallel to the river. At the top of the street I could see the church steeple which I had noticed from the boat. If there were a church, there would be a rectory where I could make inquiries. Spread at intervals along the road in no particular order were the houses of the Indians. Some were set close to the street—there weren't any sidewalks. Some were back a bit; others faced sidewise; and all of them lacked paint. A few looked as if they might have been large packing-cases placed in the middle of a field and used for houses. A few were substantial, of the French-Canadian type, stone with a hip-roof for shedding the heavy snows and with double window sashes to shut out the winds that are so violent in that North Country.

There were no piazzas. There were no yards. Since the ground is common to all, no man fences it in. And apparently when an Indian retires into his house he remains in it. Although it was a magnificent June day, scarcely anyone was abroad. I met a horse, and later a cow. In the open spaces beside the houses I saw various vehicles; in fact I had a fleeting impression that here was the place of resurrection for all the buggies and buckboards and surreys that had died in the late '90's and early 1900's. By this time I had met several horses, but I don't remember having seen any barns at all. The horses seemed to stroll around until wanted.

As I walked along I think the thing that impressed me most was the dun-colored complexion of the whole village. I had always thought of Indians in connection with vividness and color; but there seemed to be neither here, nor any great yearning after ornament. There were no lawns, no flowers, no shrubbery. Even the few attempts at growing vegetables were erratic. The soil was planted without being cleared. If a stone reared its head, the sower did not remove it; he went around it; or he skipped it and began his row again on the other side.

Then suddenly I saw a lovely garden of roses and peonies surrounding a low-lying stone building which looked like an old French fort. Since it was next to the church I surmised it must be the rectory. The church itself was of grey stone with a little lawn in front, the whole enclosed by a black iron fence as the hospital had been. Beside the door was a big bush of white syringa in full bloom.

I stepped inside . . . into the darkness of the tomb. A requiem was being sung. I could make out the bier in the center aisle by the light of the saffron candles, and of course the altar was outlined in candle-light. Everything else was dark. The windows had been draped with black velvet so that not the slightest ray of sun could enter. After my eyes had become accustomed to the lack of light I made out further details. Streamers of black crepe paper hung from the beams and architraves. The Indian women, sitting apart from the men after the European fashion, chanted the requiem. Wrapped in their black blankets, they were pure abstractions of woe. Caughnawaga is one of the few places in the world where, by special dispensation, liturgical Latin is replaced by the native tongue, and the requiem, saddest of threnodies, seemed to take on fresh dolor by being chanted in Iroquois. I found out afterward that the man who was being buried was a young iron-worker. He had fallen off a bridge and been drowned. His whole tribe grieved for him with all the ceremonial of their ancient tradition.

Later I spoke to a lay brother with a beard who was sweeping from the aisles the remnants of black crêpe paper. First in English and then in French, I asked him if I might see one of the priests. I held my breath after the French—I couldn't ask him in Iroquois. To my relief he said:

"Ah, mais oui. Venez avec moi, si vous voulez."

I followed him through the sacristy and into the *presbytère,* which, it was quite evident now, had been a fort, only the soldiers of the "Sun King" were replaced by the soldiers of the *Compagnie de Jésus.* The windows of the room where I waited looked out on a peaceful garden sternly walled by ramparts. Through these *meurtrières* had been cut, but now they were no longer blocked by cannon and showed lovely oblongs of blue water. The sheltered reaches under the bastions were used as an ambulatory by the priests. An enormous willow tree instead of a sentinel guarded the gate. And from the roof of the *poudrière,* storehouse for ammunition in the ancient days, grass and flowers thrust themselves up among the stones.

Fortunately the *curé* when he came was able to speak English, *un petit peu.* I told him I had traveled these many miles to see the grave of the little Indian girl Tekakwitha who had such a reputation for holiness. His face lighted up.

"Ah, yes," he said, "Ah, yes." It was plain to see that anyone who esteemed the little "Iroquois Virgin" of the seventeenth century was welcome in that place. He explained that the bones had been taken from the grave some years ago in anticipation of the action of the Church in regard to her beatification. From the vault he took a box of polished cedarwood and in it, sealed under glass, were the bones of Tekakwitha, baptized Kateri, who was born on the Mohawk in 1656 and who died at the Sault St. Louis "in the odor of sanctity" on April 17, 1688.

Could I see the grave?

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Very easily, he said. It was not in the village. In Kateri's time the site of the "Praying Castle" was four or five miles further east along the river bank. But the spot had not been healthy. Dampness had rotted the maize before it ripened. The Indians grew restless. Fever had broken out among them. So they had moved on. But the place where the little Tekakwitha had died was too sacred to her kinsmen to be forgotten by them. They had marked her grave with a cross and all through the intervening two hundred and fifty years they had cherished it. They called it "Katerisitkaiatal," which means in Iroquois "the place where Kateri is laid."

I explained that I was interested in remaining for a while at Caughnawaga. Was there, perhaps, some place where I could stay? He considered. Certainly I should not be very happy in the houses of the Indians. They were without conveniences. Water must be hauled out of the river. One could see the men going back and forth with buckets swung from a yoke on their shoulders. And the women. In this season, of course, it was easy. But in the winter when it was necessary first to break through the ice with a hatchet, it was very hard. In all the village only the *presbytére* and the hospital had running water. His face lighted up. He thought perhaps he could arrange with the *directrice* for me to stay at the hospital. He telephoned. The *directrice* said she would take me in.

So I went back along the village street to the square house surrounded by balconies and took up my residence with the sick Indians for the whole glamorous month of June. I had a room on the ground floor, so close to the quai that sometimes when the Jacques Cartier rattled its winches, I felt it was going to tie up to my very window-sash. I used to lie in my bed and watch its green starboard light appearing out of the blackness that was night on the river, and I would think of the original Jacques Cartier sailing up from "The Square Gulf" on that August day in 1535 which was the Feast of Saint Lawrence.

The hospital owned a little Ford which the *directrice* was good enough to lend me that I might visit the grave of Tekakwitha. We stopped first at the *moulin des Jésuites,* the old mill which the Jesuits, as seigneurs of the land, built among the Rapids. The Indians believed that the violent disturbance of the waters was due to a race of Little People who lived underneath them, warring among themselves or churning the current into tumult so that no one might pass without giving them presents. However skilful one might be with the cedar-paddle, it was wise to throw a little tobacco into the water and be saved from destruction among the rocks.

But the missionaries translated the river's agitation in terms of science rather than of superstition, and they set the Little People to the useful business of grinding corn. Their mill is still as sturdy as the faith which these same Black Robes built in the lives of their co-seigneurs, the Indians; co-seigneurs of the land and of salvation.

Two or three miles further along the river we came to the grave of Kateri, which the French call "Côte Ste. Catherine" after Saint Catherine of Alexandria for whom the little Indian girl was named. At this point the country is flat prairie land which runs for miles along the river, unbroken by any towns. On that lovely afternoon June was doing its best by the fields. Blossoming mustard plant made of them pure blown gold. And where the yellow flowers ended, the water, freshly minted by the sun, took up the shining. The fields and river were in such friendly communion it was difficult to believe that sometimes they were enemies, as the ice-walls here and there along the bank attested. But if in winter *Le Grand Fleuve* made war upon the land and hurled ice-floes a hundred yards from its bed, in June the two were at peace; in June they embraced.

In that mass of river grasses and field flowers, unless one looked sharply, the grave of Tekakwitha might easily have been missed. It is entirely in keeping with the humility of spirit of Kateri who managed quietly to be holy among the conspicuous vices of her day and of her people. Around the grave is a little white wooden railing surmounted by a canopy which bears a combination of weather vane and cross, after the manner of the French. The cock, of course, is not there merely to show which way the wind blows. He represents, they will tell you, *le reniement de Saint Pierre.* The combination of the denial at cock-crow and the eternal affirmation of the cross is especially appropriate as a symbol above the grave of Kateri whose life was also an affirmation of the cross.

Inside the enclosure I noticed that among the daisies and kingcups and tall reedy grasses some great white peonies were in bloom. The wild and the cultivated competed in honoring her. The gauzy wings of dragon flies shimmered in the clear air and river moths hovered about like a cloud of bright witnesses.

I thought of all the people who in these two hundred and fifty years had come to that spot seeking aid: noble gentlemen from the colonies of Mont-Royal and *Kébec,* traders from Sillery and Three Rivers, Indians from everywhere in New France. All of them, from Monsieur the Intendant who had traveled down from *Kébec* shortly after Tekakwitha's death to ask her intercession that he might be cured of a serious throat affection, down to the woman who, a short while ago, was cured of a lip cancer, was convinced that here lay one who had greatly loved God, and had found such favor in His sight that He would listen if she were to present their cause. Many of them had reason to go away confirmed in that belief.

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IN ARCADIA OF TODAY

By NIGEL TOURNEUR

FEW, very few, tourists and other visitors find their way into Arcadia. It is worth a lengthy stay, for there is happiness within the well-defined boundaries of one of the oldest existing provinces in the world. Arcadia was of note for happiness when our forefathers daubed themselves with colored clays, and long, long before the Incas had established their empire in western South America. Arcadia is old, old.

It lies in the far southeast of Europe, and its shores are washed by the Levant. It has always been a land of sunshine and leisureliness, and as for the happiness of its folk none can say how old the saying is "As happy as in Arcadia." Crusaders fought and won Arcadia, and Happyland held them captive for some three centuries till the all-conquering Turks swept down. Today, Athens is the gateway to Arcadia, though the writer entered by Nauplia that was once a Venetian fortress.

Arcadia deserves the name of Happyland today as it did three thousand years ago. The folk are mostly farmers and vinegrowers, and, in particular, shepherds, and just as when the poets of ancient Greece sang of the happiness of their shepherds, so, as you can see, the Arcadian shepherd is, on the whole, still of the happiest. And in himself, he is the most delightful fellow, especially after one has experienced the boorishness of the Bulgars, who, poor souls, have centuries of cringing servitude under the Turk to overcome in their intercourse with fellow men.

There are shepherds and shepherds.

I recall him of Touraine, and of the sandy Landés of France, who looks after his flock from six-foot stilts; and him of the Scottish Highlands, who in plaid and tartan trews pastures his sheep on the heather hills; and him, too, of the Alem-tejo, the great plain of Portugal south beyond the Tagus, who with his immense and savage dogs leads a lonely life, his thatched hut standing among the tall lavender and gum-cistus, rosemary, juniper, myrtle, and other sweet-smelling shrubs covering the desolate moorlands. One has also lived with the Australian shepherd; and roughed it in czardom days with the shepherd of southern steppes; he like his ancestors roams about in a wagon drawn by horses, with his immense flock or flocks slowly passing along the grassy plain and feeding as they dawdle onward.

None of them approach the Arcadian shepherd and shepherd boy.

And shepherd boys are many in Arcadia, for there is next to nothing else for them to do but tend the goats, sheep and cattle, and help on the farms and in the vineyards. Then, in time, Young Theo takes Old Theo's place. Emigrants from Arcadia are not so numerous as elsewhere in Greece! Happyland! Here inns are scarce and you find a bed with the farmer, or with the village priest.

It is a country of green and grassy plains and mountains of red sandstone and basaltic rocks. Here the ox and the ass still tread out the corn on the thrashing floors, and the flail is used to beat the grain, separating the ear from the chaff. Nearby stands the straggling whitewashed dwelling of the farmer, that is sheltered from the burning sun by great outspreading fig trees. Behind a hedging of ripening grapes, supported by trellises, are the farmsheds, and the all-necessary stone press under its thatch of reeds and grass. It is much in use for the olive harvest, and the wine making, and cheeses, and divers other purposes.

As you ride along the track nearing Sparta, across the plains toward the Taygetaean Hills, so famed in the story of ancient Greece, you pass many and many a flock of sheep and goats led by their shepherd, the animals following him in single file. He is playing on a reed to the silvery music of their bells, for every sheep and goat has its bell, and every bell has its own distinct note. Thus it happens that you sometimes hear a burst of the rarest music.

Theocritus and his immortal subjects are all alive and active in Arcadia.

Often you see the shepherd—he may be young; he may be old—clad in his sheepskins, sometimes barefoot and sometimes wearing sandals, lying at the foot of an oak or a great maple; or, again, finding shelter from the sun in the grateful shade of one of the immense evergreens, or under a huge bush of fragrant lavender. Softly he plays on his reed, softly to himself; while his flock browse contentedly on the grass that is rath with fennel and thyme, clery and pennryoyal. Again, he may have reached over to his deep and narrow basket of willow, which usually is slung over his right shoulder; and has taken out of it his meal of olives and wheaten cakes or dried figs and coarse bread. And with his wooden flagon, or perhaps his goatskin water-bottle close at hand, he sits munching happily, his six or seven or more dogs dividing their attention between looking after the sheep, which they do not let stray too far, and the precious scraps Theo throws to them.

Like other shepherds in far lands the Arcadian is somewhat of a traveler—in his own country.

In summer time, when the lowland pastures are parched, he takes his sheep and goats, and cows sometimes, up into the hills. He makes him a shelter of four stout poles, each at a corner, to which he nails boughs; and against them he piles a wall of turf as high as himself; and then he thatches the hut with branches, reeds and grasses. Sometimes he finds a cave in the mouth of a gorge: and the hills of Arcadia are honeycombed with gorges, much to the convenience of bandits and other wild things. Behind the screen of honeysuckle, and ivy, and brambles, concealing its entrance sits Theo at his ease during the sultry noontide and afternoon heat; his sheep and goats resting in the shade of the ravine close under his eye, and watched by the faithful dogs. Here he lives alone for weeks, seeing no human face save that of him who brings up food supplies from the far-off farmhouse.

It is then he wearies of his own company, and longs for his ramshackle little home on the plains, with

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its own little yard of olives, where the straw hives of the honeybees stand in the shade, and the vines and fig trees are laden with purpling fruit.

The shepherd up in the hills is lonely, though the foxes and wild dogs keep him busy, especially at night, when a ring of fires helps defend his helpless creatures, and a dame-goat has been known to horn a fox in defence of her kids. However, he escapes summer work on the thrashing floor, and is thankful.

None like the dusty job until primed with the farmer's harsh, hard wine. The grain is purified by sifting, and sometimes by merely letting a high wind blow the chaff away; and then it is ground by water-mills, and windmills also. Up in the hills the shepherd simply adds water to this barley flour, and it is left to stand during the night, and baked the next day. Theo makes a cake two inches thick, lays it on a hot part under his fire of branches and dry dung, and covers it with hot ashes; or he may cook it in the same way between two iron plates. And it is his delight, and the delight of most Arcadians, to eat this bread as hot as possible; and, mark you, when overspread with butter and honey it is worth eating, if well baked.

The shepherd has something to look forward to, when he comes down in the autumn. If his losses have not been too heavy and his stock are in good condition, the farmer presents him with one or more ewe lambs for himself, as used to be the custom in the Cheviot Hills of Scotland, when the present writer was a lad there. The safe and prosperous return of the shepherd—and many a Greek lad has heavy responsibilities for his young shoulders to carry—calls for rejoicing. Many a skinful of wine and plateful of savory viands are emptied to everyone's satisfaction.

But happiness ever has unhappiness in its train. The Arcadian shepherd has his own particular worries. The eagles and the foxes and wild dogs may work havoc with his kids and lambs and older stock, and disease and illness may afflict them; and Theo has to be his own veterinary surgeon. His worst foe comes in the autumn when he is home. Then as the sun sinks behind the hills, and the tall poplars begin to turn silvery, he puts away his reed, and whistling shrilly for his dogs sets about gathering his charges together. The animals know his voice among a hundred and goats hurry after him, the dogs having little more to do than look after an occasional unruly youngster.

Quickly does the shepherd make for the shelter of reeds and branches and turf which he has thrown up on some high knoll; and here all abide in safety till the next day's sun is far over the sky-line. For, as night approaches, thick white mists rise ghostly off the flats and marshes where grow great forests of thick man-high reeds and grasses. And these mists are dangerous to life. If they be breathed but a little, or if your clothing is sodden with the moisture of them, then is caused a most deadly malarial fever carrying off the the hardiest and most seasoned. The folk call it "the breath of Death." But the shepherd on his knoll, higher than the mists, sleeps safe and snug.

Yet Arcadia has not always been so fraught with peril to human and animal life. As late as the rule of the present writer's Norman forebears in Arcadia this land was of the healthiest. Then came the ravaging Turks, and the finest arable land in Europe lay derelict for generations, its folk slain or carried away into slavery.

For centuries manifold the shepherds of Arcadia have remained the same as when Homer sang of the wanderings of Ulysses and the fall of Troy. Go, visit Arcadia, and go now. Change is setting in, at last. It is inevitable, before the wireless and the motor car, and social betterment. Get thee, by way of Athens or Nauplia—and tarry not.

THE END OF THEIR DAY

By FREDERICK VINCENT WILLIAMS

IN THE doorways of their squalid mud and board huts and their flimsy wind-blown tents, they sit and stare across the rock-stabbed plateau to the blue fringe of mountains that binds them in the valley—Squaw Valley—where they were born and have lived their lives.

Perhaps they dream, too, of their youth, these old people, when their fathers owned all the lands of the fair valley below, and wonder, in their way, why it is that the white man has taken everything and left the Indian nothing. Their grandchildren, playing listlessly in the autumn sun, will tell you that they never have quite enough to eat, that they are always a little hungry.

The White Trader, who has loaned them a patch of land to live on, modestly tells you that he gives them all the water they need, and timber for fuel, and cashes their charity warrants from county and state in exchange for supplies. It isn't much that they get in warrants from state and county. An Indian has to be blind to get $30 a month; and there is one of them there, a great-grandfather, who shares it with a family of six, four great-grandchildren, their mother and himself. There is another family, seven in all, five of them children, who get $10 a month from the county.

Oh, yes, there is an Indian reservation, run by the government, but these Squaw Valley Indians are not Reservation Indians, or at least have never lived on one, nor do they want to.

This is where they were born and this is where they would die, without ambition, without much of life, just starving through a miserable existence on miserable land that they do not own now; but nevertheless, they'll tell you frankly, happier here in their little way than they would be down in Fresno or the white man's towns in the great San Joaquin Valley of California.

What are those pictures so carefully treasured on the walls of their mud or board huts? Holy pictures? Pictures of Jesus? Of the Blessed Virgin? Of the saints? How did they get these pictures—these crude, illiterate, childlike red men who cannot even tell their own age or the tribes from which they sprung?

Father Wilhelm? The White Robe from Benecia? Long, long ago that was. The priest—the padre—with

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the red beard, the giant who sat at the camp fires and ate with their fathers; who preached to them, baptized them, married them, buried them; who made them Catholic Indians.

Oh yes they understand that—the Squaw Valley men and women and children. Be they Mono or Chuckaminna or Digger Indians, they do not know and what is the use of caring? But they do know that they are Catholic Indians, that Padre Wilhelm, the White Robe from Benecia, so far away, visited them in the blinding heat of their summers, riding his horse, "the horse that never ate hay." And he gave them the beautiful pictures of God and His Mother and the saints who so loved them, and there those pictures have remained down through the years—they cannot tell how many years—to this day, torn and worn and thumbed, but treasured.

Father Wilhelm, history tells, though the Indians do not know the year, served them in the 70's, and died not so long ago in New York, a great missionary, great in stature and in spirit.

Father Patrick Casey is their priest now, coming to them from Sanger in the pleasant valley lands; building them a chapel where they attend Mass on Sundays in their rags, and pray upon their empty bellies; bringing them too, food, when he can, and clothes to wear. He is a good priest, a kind priest, with many cares himself in his poor parish on the lowlands, but thinking of them, remembering them, nevertheless.

There comes too the great white Bishop from Fresno who, wonder of wonders, can speak to them in their own tongue, and who reaches their hearts, and hears their troubles, and whom they like to touch and whose blessing they like to receive. Long ago this Bishop (Most Reverend Philip G. Scher) was a missionary, like the sainted and departed Padre Wilhelm, and lived among them and taught them. But he is a bishop now, and a bishop has many things to do, so that when he comes to them these Indians know in their simple way that a great honor has been conferred.

A little old woman, so old she cannot stand, lies on the hard floor of her hut, prostrate, face downward, as though in prayer; so weak in her misery of years and perhaps hunger too that she cannot lift a hand to brush away the flies that swarm over her half-naked body. Days on days, months on months, years on years the little old Indian woman has lain like this, the children tell you. Praying? No. It is doubtful if she remembers now the simple prayers Father Wilhelm taught, for she was one of his Indians. It is doubtful if she remembers anything, can even think.

Her old eyes stare across the dirty floor, blinking, almost blind, and her lips move in fitful murmurings of the old Indian tongue, the language of her poor people who are gone. Around her the children gather, and the old members of the tribes, too, and speak to her—softly, caressingly, plaintively, in the mellow, gentle cadence of their tongue. She cannot understand them. Mutely, like the last of her race, she waits for the end, while the children that survive look wonderingly on.

COMMUNICATIONS

COMMONWEAL NOTES

London, England.

TO the Editor: In hospital, a man may be forgiven for occupying himself with odds and ends. May I write a line or two suggested by your issue of November 17. The topics are not so disconnected as they might seem.

You have been criticized—and I expect you like it. But if the criticism is directed against your dealing with the application of Catholic principles to contemporary and maybe narrowly circumscribed topics (dairies, for all I know), please don't succumb to it. I have often heard from workingmen (Catholic) that they are "sick of hearing about Catholic social principles: how are we to apply them in, for example, County Durham? Is Mr. X, mine-owner, applying them? Are they being applied to some categories of the crews of the ships belonging to such and such a line? If not, oughtn't some one to say so?" And quite a number of rich people, or young men who belong to that world and expect to profit by its privileges (and girls, who observe that their brothers will at least do some work in their situation; but they, none) have said: "Am I cooperating in that collective social sin of which you say so much? Is there a topic I ought to mention in confession, but always omit? And how do I amend?" I pray you, Sir, if you can and dare (I know nothing of the American law of libel!), apply principles to cases.

Mr. J. W. Johnson's book is reviewed. Here is a very big case! The American Negro; the African native. The point made by your reviewer is, that the Negro is not "static," and the Pope says that Africa is changing with "lightning-swift rapidity." So even what was just, benevolent and well-thought-out in the past may have none of these virtues today. Yet the principles have not changed. God forbid that in either continent we should just decant the formulas—or even apply righteous formulas in Africa in the way in which they are applied in the States—yet that is what I saw at least some Protestant American missions doing, despite the over-three-hundred-years' divergence of the black man's line of development.

Plain chant—there is a substantial connection here, because practically all missionary students agree as to the essential affinity of plain chant with African music. Indeed, while only a very small part of the world could sing "God Bless Our Pope" (do you possess that frightful hymn?) in the Vatican, nearly all of it could sing (as we did the other day) the plain chant Credo. But I do not know whether plain chant is affine to the genuine music of the American Negro. (Personally, I think that modern jazz is a debased and ignorant parody of what real African music can sound like.) I venture to add this only: Can one seriously ask modern people to sing any music to words of whose meaning they haven't the least idea? The development of liturgical music requires of necessity very simple Latin classes everywhere. The thing can be done. I once preached to a Zulu congregation in English, being interpreted as I spoke because I don't know

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Zulu; but directly I spoke a phrase or two of Latin—*Laudate peuri Dominum; Pax Domini vobis*—you should have heard the joyous clucks and yelps and seen the grins! Of course if it "can't" be done because people "won't" take the trouble—that is a moral tragedy, not an intellectual disability.

REV. C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

HOME LIFE AND RECREATION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: There was so much that was good and wholesome in the few paragraphs of Cecelia Young's communication in THE COMMONWEAL of November 3 that I cannot withhold a word of comment, even though it be little more than an approval of what has already been said. Certainly it should not be difficult to agree with the writer of the communication when she states that "Catholic Action might well begin its apostolate with efforts toward home and home life." The larger groups—the school, the community, the states, etc.—cannot expect to accomplish much that is lasting and worth while so long as the most fundamental unit of all, the home, is not sound. And the home is none too sound today.

One can readily agree with the writer when she argues that at least one way of rebuilding our homes, of making them stronger and more vital, is to restore recreation to the family hearth again. Play arouses sentiments common to all. It serves as a powerful agency to induce unity of thought, feeling and purpose. It unites the members of a group. Particularly does it exert much influence over a child. The sedate grown-up who has lost much of the enthusiasm of his earlier years may only too readily lose sight of the fact that play is of the very breath of life to a child, that where a youngster's recreational interests are satisfied within the family circle he will naturally develop a sense of love and loyalty to his home, that on the contrary, where his amusements are not homemade, where they come entirely from outside the home, his sense of loyalty is only too likely to suffer.

The modern educator has well learned the values of play. He builds the "school spirit" of his pupils almost entirely on social and recreational activities. The parent also should make use of play to build a healthy "home spirit."

One of the formidable obstacles that stand in the way of a genuine restoration of home recreation is undoubtedly, as pointed out in the communication referred to, our present miserable housing situation. However, even a correction of this particular social problem will not alone suffice to bring home recreation into its own again. Nothing less than a veritable crusade will accomplish this. And such a crusade should be speedily planned and vigorously set in motion. It should offer an inviting field of activity for the Catholic Conference on Family Life and for other Catholic organizations interested in the home. There is not a little evidence that European family organizations are today placing special emphasis upon the value of home recreation. Our own Catholic organizations would do well to imitate their example.

REV. EDGAR SCHMIEDELER.

EUTHANASIA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Much publicity has been given to the theory of euthanasia as proposed by certain medical men here and abroad. Of course the insuperable objection, in the opinion of Christians, is the moral one. However, in addition to the ethical objections which may be advanced against this resurrection of a pagan doctrine, there are certain questions which search the validity of euthanasia and clamor for answers. Who is to judge of the incurability of the disease or condition of the proposed "beneficiary"? When is a patient incurable? How long must the incurability have continued? What tests of incurability exist as absolutes? Fallibility is an intrinsic attribute of humanity, medical research has turned the despair of one generation into the joy of a subsequent one, and the years bring swifter and more potent knowledge with each annular cycle.

One of the best answers to the above inquiries has been given by Dr. Haven Emerson, a well-known New York physician and lecturer, lately elected president of the American Public Health Association, and familiar with the history of medical advance in modern curative and rehabilitation work. Under the title of, "Who Is Incurable: A Query and A Reply," this excellent practitioner in an issue of the New York *Times,* October 22, 1933, has so very ably presented the view of the opponents of euthanasia, on the points above mentioned, as to deserve much more attention from thoughtful people than the discussions in public journals seem to indicate it has received up to the present time.

P. J. K.

CENTURIES OF THE "JUST PRICE"

Portland, Me.

TO the Editor: In the November 17 issue there appeared an article by Paul Ernest Anderson in which he discussed Archbishop Wichmann and the "just price."

I have failed to find any mention of the Archbishop in "The Catholic Encyclopedia." Being much interested, I wonder if I may ask through the columns of THE COMMONWEAL where I may find further information on the subject discussed by Mr. Anderson.

May I also commend THE COMMONWEAL on its splendid articles and suggest that you continue to discuss controversial questions of the day, keeping in mind that your readers want the Catholic (or scholastic) viewpoint.

May we have more articles on the monetary question now that it has become such an important question in our economic life. Let us have something on the morality of destroying crops when people are starving.

L. J. M.

Editors' Note: The Honorable Wendell Phillips Stafford, who was omitted from our Contributors' box in last week's issue, is a Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Judge Stafford (not *Stoddard) was the author of the poem, "The Statue of Dante." We very much regret this error.*

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POEMS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE

Hymn to Christmas

(Sappich mode)

Festal-bright day which, year by year returning,
Brings to the earth a faint celestial music,
Echoing songs that sound in heights supernal,
Fair day, we greet thee.

Paradise odors sift from thy sandals,
Light from thy vestments spread a pale glory,
Laving the earth in a mystic lustration:
Day of great gladness.

Bearer of Gifts, Who brings immortal kindness,
Leaving no man without a token of blessing,
So that the earth for this one day resoundeth
With song and laughter.

Let him draw near who is seeking for Divine approval:
Consecrating self before the holy altar—
Bearing his heart; that one desired oblation
Joy, is reguerdon.

Lo, we who worship, hymn with cymballed praises,
Lifting our souls aflame, as wind-blown torches:
Veiling our faces, deeply, humbly adoring—
So we receive Thee.

LOIS CANFIL.

Our Word

Man to give praise has found a way.
The word his lips have longed to say
Has come to him this Christmas Day.
Christus natus hodie.

Ding-dong. Ding-dong. How like a bell
The whole sky, ringing, sounds to tell
Of how this wonderment befell!
The Child is born, Emmanuel.

O God, the Father, now to Thee
We dare to speak. How gratefully
We take Thy Word our word to be.
O nomen nostri Domini.

DANIEL SARGENT.

The Root of Jesse

Who looks with love upon the flower
Will contemplate the root;
Nor can he well forget the tree
Who relishes the fruit.

Dull-hued, indeed, am I, the flower,
If faith, the root, be dry,
But nourished with the Precious Blood,
The fruit is Christ, not I.

SISTER MIRIAM.

Heaven Emptied Itself

Was heaven robbed of all its light
When Jesus came on Christmas night?

The powers and principalities
Bent low upon adoring knees.

The cherubim with courtly pace
Saluted Mary full of grace.

The seraphim set a silver star
Where the empty homes of the angels are.

And every angel thronged the street,
Where stable path and highway meet,

To hear the shepherds' tale and see
The loveliness of humility.

Certes, all heaven was agloom:
Divinity was in a room
With ox and manger well content,
As heaven knelt in wonderment.

ALEXANDER J. CODY.

Bread Line—Christmas Eve

Here are such patient faces,
Anxious and mild,
As bent in adoration
Above a Child
Cradled in a manger—
Poor men and worn
Who trembled when the heavens sang
That hope was born.

The shepherds stared on splendor
With eyes like these
From which the foolish heart looks out
Through miseries
Childishly eager still, and asks,
"When, oh when
Will there be peace on earth,
On earth good-will to men?"

JEAN BATCHELOR.

Informalities

The little grey ass in stable disarray
Is taken speechless at Saint Joseph's "Eh."

The great brown ox quite sure it isn't day
Tries vain to blink the Virgin's light away.

The little ass and the great ox in glad dismay
See heaven's Lord and theirs enthroned on hay.

BRENDAN WIEST.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Little Women

I HOPE a very good friend of mine will not object to my quoting him to the effect that he enjoyed "Little Women" intensely because "it was all about thoroughly nice and decent people." There is much more than surface truth to that remark, and vastly more than a mere vaporing about "clean plays." When the cinema screens are crowded with racketeers, voluptuous parvenues, sufferers from overactive or underactive glands, psychopathic victims and a general assortment of people who never heard of the word conscience, it is unquestionably a relief to linger for an hour or two with people who instinctively view their lives with perspective and sanity and unashamed romance. It is like a visit to well-remembered streets with elms arching over them and bordering hedges that only partly concealed comfortable lawns and welcoming houses. The sense of living a life rather than struggling with chaos grows strong under such suggestions and memories.

"Little Women" on the screen is not without its faults. Even Katherine Hepburn, playing the immortal Jo, permits an occasional overtone of Hollywood to creep into one or two of her scenes. I have in mind particularly the scene in which she listens to Professor Baehr singing Goethe's ballad of loneliness. Miss Hepburn chooses this moment to drape herself languorously against the piano in the fashion of Greta Garbo at a glamorous midnight gathering in Stockholm. But such moments of Hollywood contamination are rare—so exceedingly rare in fact that one might hardly notice them if they did not contrast so outrageously with the simple artistry and directness of the picture as a whole. Aunt March, too, as played by Edna May Oliver, is not a true portrait of one of those formidable New England aunts who are all the more extraordinary because they do exist in fact as well as in fiction. Miss Oliver makes her Aunt March a stagy and theatrical thirty-minute egg, without a touch of that inner warmth of heart which Miss Olcott so definitely describes. But again, this is a minor fault in a picture that breathes an atmosphere of days too easily forgotten and too hard to recapture.

In fact, I mention these discrepancies and blemishes chiefly to help me restrain my enthusiasm for one of the most delightful films of these many years. The spirit of unending adventure stirs in every thought and act of Meg, Beth and Amy—adventure of the spirit, at times, and again the forthgoing adventure of new scenes and incidents. It is because these girls live a life that leaps over all boundaries of poverty and circumstance that they have captured the love of three generations of readers. Beth may appear a bit too angelic, but she does conquer a terrible fear, and how many harder natures can boast even such a victory? Moderns would tell us, I suppose, that Amy suffers from an inferiority complex. Well, if so, she gets over it with a vengeance. Meg is your unrestrained romantic, and romance has its way with her. But of course it is Jo who gathers up some of the quali-

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ties of each of her sisters and adds to them the imperishable yearning for far-off things which makes her the admirable heroine she is. "Little Women" on the screen is inevitably Jo's story, and that is just as it should be.

Miss Hepburn's Jo, except for the one lapse I have mentioned, is a thoroughly admirable and delightfully varied creation. Miss Hepburn still has all that impact of sincerity and forthrightness which made her work in "Art and Mrs. Bottle," some seasons back, the notable beginning of a career. The settings for the picture are painstakingly faithful to the letter and the spirit of those illustrations which adorned the early editions of Miss Alcott's masterpiece. If there is anyone with a feeling for the past or a hope for tomorrow who will not enjoy every line and facet of "Little Women," I do not want to meet that person.

Through the Centuries

BEACON FILMS, which has produced this picture story of the growth of Christianity culminating in the wide-flung world activities of the Catholic Church today, deserves the heartiest commendation for a sincere and frequently moving production. Mrs. McGoldrick, too, and Father Francis Talbot, who respectively edited the film and wrote the outline for its story, merit a real reward for their efforts. Some of the early passages, in the life of Christ, are surpassingly well done. The producers have not made the mistake of creating too much sense of realism. The use of soft focus has given these episodes a delightful blend of remoteness and actuality.

I think it would be unfair to future efforts in the same direction, however, not to point out where, probably through the need for economy, the film falls far short of doing justice to its subject. It fails to give any sense of the organic growth of the Church through the ages. We are pulled through some eighteen hundred years with lightning speed by the incongruous means of an animated map showing the gradual spread of Christianity. There is a complete break in the picture story from the days of the Roman persecutions to the death of Benedict XV.

I am sure the producer's answer would be that the expense of filming a real story of the ages would be prohibitive, unless the making of the film were to be endowed. I have deep sympathy with such an answer in these financially unfruitful days. But the fact remains that the picture does not support its title of "Through the Centuries." It is, rather, a glimpse across many centuries. We look in vain for that divine romance of the organic growth of the Church—for the Church of Constantine, the Church of Augustine in Africa, for the pioneering years of the dark ages when men clustered about the monasteries to learn the tilling of the soil and the fine arts, for the miracle of Saint Francis singing over the hills of Umbria or of Saint Dominic unleashing his hounds of God. Nor do we find the astonishing panorama of the Crusades leading men back toward the Sepulcher itself. Nor is there anything of the grim days when the Church had to fight for its life, within and without, literally against the world. These forgotten pages of the great epic must still be done.

BOOKS

Faith Needs Hope and Charity

The Oxford Movement, by Shane Leslie. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

The Oxford Movement, Its History and Future, by J. Lewis May. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

SOMETHING over three thousand volumes on the Oxford Movement have been published during the past hundred years. This amazing literary output is eloquent testimony to the important place it holds in the popular mind, for many of these treatises have been written by laymen, and not all of them have been in English. German scholars particularly, as well as Belgian and French philosophers, historians, pedagogues and men of letters have seized upon the Oxford Movement as a fertile subject upon which to lavish the abundant resources of their prolific minds and facile pens. So that after a century we can see as in a map its whole perspective, its origin, trend and direction, its chief actors and their relative influence upon their own and succeeding generations.

Although called the Oxford Movement, it began, curiously enough, in the parsonage of a Cambridge man; in its origin there was no hope in the minds of its chief spirits of bringing about the union of England and Rome. It was a national movement, although the violent controversies to which it gave rise were carried on largely at Oxford, and its directing minds were chiefly located in a single college there. In those far-off Victorian days religion was uppermost in men's minds, and the "Tracts for the Times" were the country's best sellers, the printing presses not being able to issue fast enough the pamphlets with which Newman and other brilliant authors captured the imagination of the English people.

Shane Leslie, in a brief work of less than two hundred pages, rushes through that singularly complicated intellectual ferment, and he crowds into a dozen short but vivid chapters a captivating account of the political and religious conditions that furnished the background for the celebrated undertaking that during its short span of eight years intrigued the civilized world. Of especial interest, not only for their fine literary phrasing, an achievement that is not uncommon to Shane Leslie, are the sections dealing with the religious orders in the Anglican Church, and the extent to which the Oxford Movement exerted an influence over architecture and literature in England and elsewhere. Several of these chapters actually drip with history, and with barbed quotations and immortal invectives, which drop so lightly and so delightfully from Mr. Leslie's limpid pen.

In a well-printed and well-illustrated volume of about three hundred pages, Mr. J. Lewis May gives us a longer and more ample account of the whole movement. This particular phase of English history is well-known ground to Mr. May, who has written copiously and beautifully about it as he does about everything, for he is a finished technician, and he depicts for us with unaccustomed deftness many of the gracious figures who took an active part in it. What a pity that we do not breed such men

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in these modern and sophisticated times! This present work well sustains Mr. May's reputation for literary craftsmanship. His keynote is that the Oxford Movement is of permanent and universal importance; not a mere historical incident that occurred a century ago. His engaging treatise shows that the Tractarians wished to reassert the primacy of the spiritual over the material, the eternal over the transitory; and to end the long tyranny of the pulpit over the altar, by restoring the sacramental principle, and Christian symbolism to divine worship, and he sees in the Oxford Movement a preparation for an ultimate reunion of the whole of Christendom.

It is astonishing how otherwise sane and saintly Catholic people, clerical and lay, distrust converts; Mr. Leslie and Mr. May point out incident after incident of the persecution on a grand scale exercised by those in power against the distinguished personages who flocked into the Catholic Church as a result of the Oxford Movement. The beau ideal of the old Catholics was that man of iron, Archbishop Errington, who rejoiced to "keep converts in their place," who administered canon law with mechanical heartlessness, and who was willing for souls to go to hell provided they went by rule.

The old English Catholics had plenty of faith but they had neither hope nor charity for the Oxford converts; they never seemed to realize the profound and subtle champions of Catholicity they possessed, did they but care to use them, but in their obstinate and intolerant blindness they preferred either to ignore or to aggravate them. Wiseman alone seemed to have a spark of divine vision of Rome, always patient, always tolerant, always indulgent, always encouraging, always understanding. And he is rightfully acclaimed as perhaps the one individual to whom more than to any other must be given the everlasting credit for the conversion of John Henry Newman, the greatest religious genius of the nineteenth century, ranking with Saint Augustine and Bossuet.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

The Layman's Saint

Thomas More, by Daniel Sargent. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50.

THIS is a beautiful book, a book worthy of the great Christian humanist, statesman, scholar, patriot and martyr whose name is on the title page. Daniel Sargent has made it beautiful within; Sheed and Ward have made it beautiful without. Even the paper wrapper is in keeping; and the excellent half-tone reproduction of the Holbein portrait as frontispiece gives added distinction to the volume.

This is the sort of book one reads through to the end, twice over, and then turns back the pages to read again this, that and the other splendid passage. It is one of those rare books which give the impression that one is listening to the cadences of a well-modulated voice gently telling the whole life-story of a great Christian hero. Daniel Sargent does not indulge in rhetorical flourishes nor does he lavish extravagant praise but, in an idiom as pure as it is simple, relates the facts of More's career

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from the cradle to the scaffold and, through that calm and charming narrative, there emerges the full figure of the man who was loyal to God and to his king—but to God first of all. Would it be fantastic to suggest that long and earnest reading of More's literary legacy has communicated to the author of this book something of what Sir James Mackintosh calls "an ease and rotundity (which gratify the ear without awakening the suspicion of art)" in the prose writing of his hero? Be that as it may, Daniel Sargent has certainly read much and earnestly in the works of Thomas More and in contemporary records of the Tudor period, although this erudition is concealed beneath the smooth simplicity of his narrative.

There is a certain fittingness that the biographer of More (who could joke about his "innocent" beard as his head lay on the block) should have such a delicate sense of humor as crops out in a remark like this: "More was of a family which had risen in status through living two generations in London, but which, previous to that, had lain in such full obscurity that those addicted to genealogy can without fear of being molested by evidence, argue endlessly as to whether that family's origin was English or Irish." Daniel Sargent tells his story in the appropriate tonality: "in season grave, in season gay."

More the student, More the statesman, More the legal light of Tudor England, the trusted diplomat and royal envoy, the confidant of Erasmus and of Henry, the friend of heretics and the sworn enemy of heresy, the man of prayer and penance, the writer and the wit, the patriot and the martyr—all are brought to light through Mr. Sargent's deft handling of his subject. But the description of that household where More "played the governor of his own Englishman's castle and tried within it to create that earthly paradise of which his brother humanists so much dreamed" is, without doubt, one of the most charming pictures that Mr. Sargent has painted in this volume. There is an intensity in his outline of the lovely character of Margaret Roper, More's daughter, and the affection between More and that daughter, which makes the reader reread the dedication on the fly-leaf of the book, "To my daughter, Louise Ann Sargent."

And surely there is no more touching revelation of the truly Christian humanist than is to be found in More's beautiful letter to Gunnel of Cambridge University, his daughter's tutor. That letter gives the answer to a problem which vexed the mind of the late regretted Irving Babbit, the question of the place of humility in a humanistic philosophy. It also contains shrewd observations on the effect of praise in the education of youth. "Beat it into their heads," More admonishes Gunnel, "that vainglory is a thing despicable and to be spit upon; and that there is nothing more sublime than that humble modesty so often praised by Christ."

The deep secret of More's imperturbability on all occasions was his profound sense of God's Providence. He lived and labored in the midst of affairs of the temporalty (thanks are due to Mr. Sargent for the revival of that excellent word) but he held his heart aloof from them. His habitual attitude toward the events and vicissitudes of life is admirably reflected in the words he ad-

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dressed to his wife, "Mistress Alice," written after a conflagration had destroyed his barns with their full store of corn. "Thank God," he says, "for that He hath given us and for that He hath taken from us, and for that He hath left us, which if it please Him He can increase when He will. And if it please Him to leave us yet less, at His pleasure be it."

The Catholic Book Club is to be congratulated on the choice of their "book of the month" for November. For if, as Professor R. W. Chambers avers, "Nicholas Harpsfield's 'Life of Sir Thomas More,' written 'in the tyme of Queene Marie,' is entitled to stand on the shelves, with the impress of Alfred's jewel on its cover, between Brythferth's 'Manual' and the 'Homilies' of AElfric," Daniel Sargent's "Thomas More" deserves a place of honor among the best books of biography in our day.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

A Fine Sea Tale

The Bird of Dawning, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is a seafaring poet's book. It is a poet's book, rather than what we commonly think of as a novelist's book, because it has not the architectonic, or plot, devices that have come to characterize the novel. It does resemble the type of simple narrative of the early novels and *novellas,* but it differs somewhat even from them. Where they permitted irrelevant discursiveness, this has the poet's vision (and a lot of stiff, awkward, poet's prose where the ecstasy fails). Rather than a story, here are linked scenes to be visualized.

This is a seaman's book because the evocations depend, I believe, on sympathetic reactions which would be achieved only by persons familiar intimately with the sea. The narrative is spun out like a seaman's yarn in the long stretches of a day or a night's run with a steady breeze. It takes three tacks in its course, and for those used to the straight steam passage of a novelist's book, these changes of direction are apt to be acerbating. A sailorman expects them, and any kind of a real seafarer familiar with sea-changes, would not be jarred by them. "She is so fine in her entrance, and so clean and perfect in her run; no dolphin that ever leaped is lovelier," is a sample of the boatman's talk in the book that has keen significance only for initiates of chapped hands, the disciplining waiting and the appalling moments of emptiness in the midst of wet wilderness and constant motion. "She was going like a bird of the sea, and the music of her going was a gurgle of water and the tinkling rush of the scuppers running rain," for a reach not too close-hauled in a sea not objectionably lumpy, and for the tiresome running with a following sea, "the boat drove on, not really going fast, but seeming to do so from the violence of her motion, her abrupt jerking climbs and seething glidering rushes"—are samples of the sort of thing in this book which will appeal to those who will put out into it simply to be there. As any respectable seafarer would expect, there are parts that are no tea-party and plenty happens.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

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Another Adventure in Civilization

Junípero Serra, Pioneer Colonist of California, by Agnes Repplier. New York: Doubleday Doran and Company. $2.50.

"THERE is nothing so salutary for the living as remembering the great dead." So in her latest study in adventure Miss Repplier defines what may fairly be taken as the secret of her particular style of biography. It is a noble one in a great tradition. Perhaps the finest thing that can be said of Miss Repplier's work is that the manner of telling is worthy of her conception of her undertaking. Today when so often little men seem to solace their mediocrity with belittling their betters, it is refreshing to come across so fresh a sense of the heroic and so persistent a zest for the finest in human quality as give life and meaning to this study.

Yet there is nothing in the least sentimental or hagiographical in the temper of her narrative. Realism and wit are the two keynotes to her style. For the friar whose vision and energy turned the California wilderness into one of the most successful experiments in human reclamation on record, it would have been very easy to conjure up a purely ideal figure like those of the monuments to which the author so often alludes with genial mockery. "From a marble boat steps sedately a marble friar, wearing a stole over his alb and carrying a marble breviary. . . . His attitude of dignified serenity would grace a pulpit, but is unsuggestive of disembarkation, an act seldom accomplished with composure." As a matter of fact, Fray Junípero Serra was fifty-six years old, "worn and very lame," quite humorless, incurably shabby, the kind of man whom an harassed administrator might well be anxious to get out of town as soon as possible, when the great adventure of his life began. But it was true, also, that "his ambitions were as boundless as the heaven he aspired to fill." Too good a scholar in the eyes of his superiors to be cast away upon missions, not to the heathen but to the savage, he had waited almost a lifetime for a chance at the apostolic work of which he had dreamed as a boy in his native Majorca. Already distinguished as student, teacher and preacher, the Duns Scotus professor of philosophy in the Lullian University of Palma, he had set out for New Spain in 1749. Here, in Mexico, he was destined to spend another twenty years of preliminary training in actual work among the Indians who needed missionary work badly enough, and in less congenial work among the inhabitants of Mexico City who needed it even worse. In an age of dramatic personalities Serra became "the foremost figure in the city he loved least." It was the "Sacred Expedition" to Monterey to "occupy and fortify San Diego and Monterey for God and the King of Spain" that in 1769 gave him his opportunity.

"He was meant to be a pioneer, and he had the qualifications which fit a man for such an adventurous life. Courage was an asset, and indifference to bodily comfort was another; but what gave him the open sesame to the Indian's heart was his insight into the Indian's nature; his sympathy with primitive virtues, his boundless forgiveness for primitive limitations." And Serra had to a

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preeminent degree that clarity of vision and that confidence in his undertaking so indispensable to the pioneer. "It is said that when San Antonio's bell was hung on the branch of an oak (always the first step in the founding of a mission), Serra—stirred to ecstacy—seized the rope and rang it loud and long. 'Why do you do that?' asked one of the friars. 'There is no church, and there are no Indians.' To which their leader made answer: 'I hear them coming.'"

Yet Miss Repplier resists the classic temptation of the sympathetic biographer to make his hero the center of the canvas of his world. In one way the present reader is sorry that she does, for one would like more of so pleasant a thing as the legend of Fray Junípero. But in another there is no questioning the wisdom of her forbearance. For she has succeeded in conjuring up a larger scene than that of any one life, and has told the story of the whole enterprise of conversion and civilization that reached its apogee only after Serra's death, when in 1808 the last of the chain of nineteen missions was completed with more than thirty thousand Indians brought within their paternal fold. Nothing is finer in the book than the closing pages in which the author briefly suggests the heart-breaking destruction of her hero's life-work, and out of the ruin evokes the memory of a very modest and very great man.

HELEN C. WHITE.

Symbols of the Age

Ten Years—Ten Days, by Walther von Hollander. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

IN 1917, Baron Alfred Dahl of the Silesian aristocracy discovered the illicit love affair of his plebeian second wife (who was not recognized by his family) and his brother, Wolfgang. He shot his brother and was offered three alternatives by way of expiation: trial and imprisonment in the usual course, suicide (urged on him by his father, Jens Dahl), or commitment to an asylum for the insane. He chose the asylum and remained in it for ten years. In 1927 he escaped by the simple expedient of walking off, and returned to his home, remaining at liberty for ten days. This is the framework on which Herr von Hollander has built the story of the Baron's pathetic and futile contacts with those whose lives were damaged by his crime. Lilian Wonderley is the translator, and there is a foreword by Gerald Gould.

As a symbolic treatment of post-war Germany's confused and groping state, the story is moving. But otherwise it is a disappointment. A lamentable vagueness shrouds the narrative at almost every point. Only one character comes to life—Jens Peter, Alfred Dahl's son by his second wife. Jens Peter is a human, puzzled boy, searching for meaning in life. Tragedy is so firmly impressed on every page that the exact nature of the final catastrophe hardly matters. The cinematographic method employed by Herr von Hollander is hardly the novelty Mr. Gould seems to think it. Nor is the historical present used throughout as annoying as he confesses finding it.

DAVID FREDERICK MCCORD.

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Briefer Mention

Autobiography of a Bird Lover, by Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.75.

THIS is a pleasantly ambulating, reminiscent, colorful and unimportant book that makes a highly important point by implication. This important point is that not everyone has to be preoccupied with banking or business and economics to make appreciable contributions to living. It is one too often overlooked in the midst of the stern realities of today and the oversight is no doubt prolonging the depression by causing a shrinkage in what may be described as occupations of marginal utility. Depressions cause a concentration on the production of subsistence goods and these are the most easily overproduced. So if Mr. Chapman's wholly delightful record of a life spent near and far afield looking at birds and their manners of living should induce others, already bird-lovers, to follow his example after their fashion, it would no doubt be a good thing. And those readers not already bird-lovers will find much in the record to interest and surprise them and appeal to them to direct their affections outward.

Poems, by Marie de L. Welch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THESE are poems of really exquisite sensitiveness and with a rare microscopic vision of authentic minutiae of nature. The vision is not only there, but also the feeling, the scent, the ruffle of the air or the stillness, the light or no light, and the emotion surrounding some crystal moment. The writer conveys these delicate, indelible things in terse, clear, effective prosody. She has songs, too, with a larger sweep; but they are not quite as marvellous as her small things. This book is well worth reading and owning. Its writer will achieve distinction as a poet of our country and times. THE COMMONWEAL may be glad to have been among the first magazines to publish her poems.

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